

Love Kills

by hauntedhouse

Category: Halloween

Genre: Drama, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Michael M.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-07-18 19:19:12

Updated: 2013-02-27 23:07:05

Packaged: 2016-04-26 21:42:18

Rating: M

Chapters: 5

Words: 11,599

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: My name: Emma Domes I lost my family in a fire and was forced into an abusive foster family. I lost myself along the way and lashed out one day killing my teacher adn half of my class mates. Ever since than I was locked up in the instituion that was until one day he came and helped me. He unlocked my door and helped me escape. I fell for the notorious serial killer, but was it mut

1. Chapter 1

A/N: Hey um this is my first Halloween fanfic story I really don't know why but I wanted to write one! I would love to here back to know if it sucks or not let me know what you think! Love Ya'll! (Yes I did just say ya'll and no I am not southern)

Screamsâ€|.

Footstepsâ€|.

They all are running from meâ€|..

I scared them awayâ€|..

No I terrified themâ€|.

Sirensâ€|.

More footstepsâ€|

I have to pay the priceâ€|..

The evidence is clearâ€|

I am guiltyâ€|.

Laughterâ€¦|.

My laughterâ€¦|..

Demonic Laughterâ€¦|..

Filed as insaneâ€¦|..

Mentally illâ€¦|..

I killed half of the kids in my classâ€¦|.

You're probably asking yourself why?

Well the answer is because I snappedâ€¦|.

IT was over something so stupid but having such a short temperâ€¦|.

I lashed outâ€¦|.

First it was my teacherâ€¦|

Miss. Growthsworthâ€¦|.

She seems so innocent but really she is the suckiest teacher everâ€¦|.

She told me I was worthlessâ€¦|.

That my parents died for a reasonâ€¦|

That was a major disappointmentâ€¦|

After lashing out and stabbing her repeatedly with a pen from her deskâ€¦|

I loved the way it feltâ€¦|.

So I locked the door and killed the students that were insideâ€¦|

Well half of them anywayâ€¦|..

It felt so good just to see fear in their eyes as they died to see them feel the pain I felt when my world and life was taken away from meâ€¦|

My name is Emma

Emma Domes

I was fifteen when I first killed my teacher and half of my class. The ones who survived have grown and started families, but they will never be able to forget meâ€¦|or the horror I had caused them in that class room.

Of course I was caught. Of course they brought to the farthest insane asylum. So place near a town called Haddon Ville. Haddon Ville populated by a medium seized amount of people and home to the notorious serial killerâ€¦|Michael Myers. I heard he was still here,

but under very close watch.

I even heard they had to keep replacing staff members before he was killing them off. I am sitting in a white room in one chair. I was handcuffed and leg cuffed. There was a large window in front of me that was tinted so I wasn't able to see what was on the other side.

I just kept my head lowed and didn't say anything Like I had when I first can here.

The door to the room opened and in walked a man holding a large file which I assumed was mine.

"Good evening Emma," I heard him say. I didn't acknowledge him and kept my head down.

"So Emma are we going to talk today or are we going to be silent?" The doctor or whatever asked me.

I remained silent letting the eerie quietness of it make him feel awkward, but he did not seem at all fazed.

"Would you like to talk about your parent's accident?" he asked hitting a nerve. I stood up and walked towards the door slamming my fist against it.

It opened to reveal the two guards that take me back and forth between my room and here.

"I guess not," I heard him mumble.

I snickered to myself, but quickly composed myself. I was to remain silent and keep to myself. I was thrown not nicely into a different room other than mine. IT had tables and benches and what looked like a food line.

Cafeteria was the first thing that popped into my mind. I kept my head down as I walked to an empty table. The clinking of my chains made the forty plus people in there go quiet. They watched me go to my table and their eyes widened in fear.

Most of the people in here are in for being slightly Looney or even for killing a person, but so far I held the record. Well the second highestâ€|Michael held the first. I sat quietly before noticing that there were a few men looking at me in a filthy way. I was at my table sitting when I heard a male voice say, "Hey beautiful."

I looked up to see four men standing around me at the table. I looked at all of them taking in their height averaging their weight and how muscular wise they looked.

I tilted my head to the side. A few strands of my hair in my face, but I made no movement to move them.

"We were all wondering if you could help us with a little problem we were having," a man with really bad teeth a moustache and beard said next. They moved closer and I closed my eyes. One of them put their hands on me and grabbed it immediately twisting it all the way until his wrist snapped. I hopped up from the seat and snapped his neck

while he withered in pain. The other guys furious by what I did came charging at me, but I took them on. I punched and kicked and bit. My face was all beaten up and I think I had a few broken ribs, but I still fought like hell.

I was able to get up snap another guys neck before I was pulled away and being held down as they stuck a needle in my arm. Whatever they did to me calmed me down immediately and I closed my eyes to let them know I was calmed. They released me and sat me back down on a different bench seat.

They carried the dead bodies out and mopped up the blood that was spilled I was in so much pain.

They placed a tray down in front of me and the big weight nurse said eat up Emma you'll need to give your body strength if it's going to heal.

Another nurse busied herself cleaning me up bandaging the cuts that I had on my face. She felt around my arms for any sign of broken bones. She felt my ribs and I grabbed her hand hard feeling the pain pulse through me. I growled and I felt the nurse shaking next to me.

She realized she touched something broken and turned to the male guards and told them that I needed medical attention. They raced to the front office while I sat there holding the area that had the pain in it. The nurse had me lie down on the table. She said the ambulance would be there any minute.

I didn't care I just laid there in pain everyone's eyes on me. They were all not surprised by the fight that broken because I was violent when disturbed.

I didn't know how long I laid there but soon enough I heard footsteps run in and felt myself being lifted and wheeled quickly through the main doors of the asylum. I would try to escape but they knew me better than most people so they tied me to the gurney. We were in the ambulance before I knew it and on our way to the hospital. They put a mask around my mouth and nose so I had to breathe through it. When I took a deep breath though I felt my eyes grow heavy.

When I awoke I was not at the hospital and not in the ambulance. I was back in my room the room that gave me no privacy. I was still in pain and a little woozy from the amnisteasia they put me under. I got up slowly using a small desk they provided. I used the walls and to hold me up as I walked to the door and Banged on it.

There was no answer this time. I banged on it againâ€¦still nothing. I began to feel the room constrict as if it was closing on me. I was very claustrophobic. I took in a deep breath and let it out, but when the sirens when on I knew something was wrong. Someone escaped from their room.

I began to bang ferociously on the door. I stopped when I heard the door unlock. IT opened to reveal a man who wore a mask that had pasty white rubber for the face and it had brown hair that was disheveled.

He grabbed my arm and pulled me out of the room. I knew who it was and I didn't fight against him. He still had a tight grip on my upper

arm as he pulled me with him out the main door with no problem whatsoever. You'd think that they would be guarding the front doors since there was an escaped mental patient on the loose.

We raced through a parking lot finding a van that delivers the food to the asylum that had the keys in it. A man came around the front of the van to get back in the car. Michael released me to kill the man, but I was quicker than he was and snapped the man's neck before Michael could touch him.

All Michael did was stare between me and the body like it was normal and nothing was wrong. I smirked at that and went to go to pick up the body but Michael stopped me and pushed me towards the driver side of the door and hat told me to climb in. I climbed in the driver side and buckled my seat belt and watched as Michael picked up the dead man's body and tossed it in the dumpster. HE opened the Driver door and stared at me. I pouted unbuckling my seatbelt and scooting over to the passanger seat. He closed the door behind him and turned on the car.

We raced out of the parking lot knock over the closed fences on our way. The seat belt on my side was jammed so I had only the dash board to hold onto for dear life he speed up even more. And every bump we hit I bounced high of the chair. I saw a sign up ahead Haddon field. My family lived here.

We slowed down so we didn't stick out but I was feeling very nauseous after that and it made my chest hurt a lot. I needed to lie down. Would my parents take me back if they knew that I was out? Most likely notâ€|they would send me back the moment they got the chance. They probably don't think I exist anymore.

The car stopped in front of a White house that looked abandoned and it had vines growing up the side of its house. Michael got out of the car and walked up to the front door going inside and closing the door behind him. I sat in the car and looked down at my uniform. I looked up and looked out my window to see Michael standing there. I nearly jumped but calmed myself quickly.

He opened the door and tried to pull me out but my seat belt stopped him. He reached in over me and undid my seat belt because my gaze and attention was too busy staring into his eyes.

HE pulled me with such force that felt pain crawl up my arm. I yelled out and he tossed me to the ground

"Stop tossing me around! I am not some fucking doll!" I yelled at him. He stared down at me his eyes held the fury that I feared. He grabbed my arm in a tight grip and pulled me up and we raced inside the house and we came to a door. Michael opened the door and I looked inside to see it was stairs to the basement.

"No Michael please don't! Please Michael I am begging you!" I said trying to undo his tight grip. He tossed me down the steps. I let a blood curtailing scream. Feeling like I was beaten with a bat. Instead I laid there hearing the slam of the door upstairs I was consumed in a shade of darkness. The only light source was a window covered in vines.

I crawled over to a corner I saw and sat up pulling my knees up to my

chest. What did I do to make him so angry? He was hurting me a lot and I'm not sure how long I was going to be able to take the abuse. I closed my eyes thinking about my family well my adoptive family. They weren't like my real parents. They hated me and locked me in the basement a lot. At time they wouldn't feed me and at others I'd be in the basement for days at a time. I slowly rocked myself back and forth.

Flashback/Dream:

_I used to live in Haddon Vile with my real family when I was ten years oldâ€|well from when I was born until I was ten. I had a sister named Jill and a baby brother named James. I was at the library sticking my nose into a book and when I heard an outbreath voice say, "The Domes House went up in flames." _

I looked up to see a red haired boy who looked as if he ran a mile. I shot up from my chair grabbed my back pack shoving my books inside and raving out of the library and towards my house. My motivation was seeing the smoke in the distance. I ran as fast as I could and when I reached the house I saw that most of it was already gone. Most of it turned to ash and most of the wood a black caracole color.

_I fell on the front lawn which was covered in the ash. There were sirens, fire trucks and people all around me. A fire man walked over to me and I looked up at him and his eyes told me all I need to know.

_

"_NO!" I yelled in tears. An officer helped me and brought me to the back seat of a police car. I looked at my house for the last time as we drove away from it._

I awoke being shaken awake. I looked up and saw Michael staring down into my eyes.

I flinched away from his touch and curled into a ball even me. He looked at me tilting his head to the side. I took in deep breaths trying to calm myself.

"If you're going to kill just get it over withâ€|I'm not sure how long I'd be able to take your abuse," I told him honestly gaining confidence in the end. He pulled a kitchen knife out of his back pocket. I slowly stood using the walls to support me. I closed my eyes waiting for the strike waiting for deathâ€|but it never came. I peeked through one eye to see him just standing there watching me.

"Aren't you going to kill me?" I asked him letting out a shaky breath.

He shook his head and reached behind him again pulling out clothes. I squinted trying to get a good look with the poor light that was given. I realized he had changed out of his clothes and into a mechanic uniform. I looked at the clothes to see they were worn a lot. I took them from him slowly making sure not to make him angry. HE just stared at me with those blue serous eyes like he understood everything that went on in it.

"Please let me go," I begged him.

"I just want to go a visit my familyâ€|my home," I told him. He ignored me and pointed to the clothes again.

I sighed as a tear escaped my eye. I went to turn around until I felt Michael grip my upper arm. Before I could ask him what he was doing he wiped the tear off of my face gazing at it.

"It's called crying. Something we humans do when we lose people we love and care for," I spat at him. He didn't flinch but I saw the fire in his eyes grow. I felt myself confidence slowly dying away. In a way I felt like I was shrinking and he was growing.

"Sorry," I mumbled halfheartedly looking into his deep blue eyes. He tilted his head to side indicating he was confused to as why I was sorry. I wouldn't blame him though, why would I say sorry to a serial killer who killed his own family? Who would?

Apparently I would. I am not shocked though I have been known to do strange thingsâ€|such as kill my middle school teacher with a pen and kill students with rulers' books and scissors. I have also been known for drawing at times beautiful pictures such as my old house before the fire with flowers and trees, but I would in times draw gruesome cruel scenes like people hanging from cliffs or a person with their eyes sewn open and their lips sewn shut.

I didn't say anything for a long time. Again I felt Michael poke me pointing to the clothes.

"I need privacy," I growled at him. He looked at me with that gaze of his that was getting on my nerves. That gaze that held no emotion. The gaze that would follow you were ever you went.

HE suddenly turned which made me jump back and crouch into a defense mode. He turned and looked at me, but this time his eyes did show a little emotionâ€|amusement.

I immediately blushed and got up quickly turning away from him. I heard him ascend the steps heavy footed and slam the door behind him. That's when I undressed and redressed into his clothes. I felt very awkward wearing someone else's clothes. When I was done I sat back down not knowing what to expect. I heard the door open up stairs and slower than the last time I saw Michael descend the stairs with one hand over his eyes and the other holding onto the railings.

I couldn't help, but let out a childish giggle.

"It's okay Michael I'm dressed," I told him with a smile seeing him drop his hand immediately. He just stared at me before grabbing my wrist roughly and dragging me up stairs. I felt like he was breaking my wrist.

"Michael please loosen your grip! It's hurting me!" I yelled up at him. He didn't do as I requested but kept going. We headed outside and he threw me so I was outside of his house. I looked at him with a glare and he pointed to the car.

"What you want me to leave?" I asked him and him only nodded. I shook my head and said, "And where do you expect me to go? I have no family no home like you."

He just pointed again and I took in a shaky breath and nodded.

"Fine I'll leave," with that said I got in the fucking truck and drove off and dumped it about three miles south of the town behind a building that was abandoned. I knew where it was because I used to go there when I lived with the foster family just to escape for a couple of days from the abuse they would give me. I spent a lot of time in the hospital and when the doctors would ask what happened I would tell him that I would have fallen or that I got into a fight at school. They would always give me these looks like they didn't believe me and I didn't blame them.

I sighed and climbed on a couch that had been there since before I found this place. I closed my eyes and fell asleep feeling a little content knowing I was somewhere where I felt more at home than with that fucking foster family and Michael Myers. I was the girl who lost her parents and then lost herself along the way. I killed because it felt right. I killed because I didn't feel sane. It felt right when I did kill. The weird part is when I closed my eyes to sleep all I saw was Michael Myers and that was all I dreamt about was Michael Myers that night.

2. Chapter 2

I woke up by the sound of sirens in the distance. I shot off the couch and hid myself behind a window that had over the years been covered in dirt and dust. I smiled to myself as I saw Dr. Loomis get out of his new car and walk towards the truck to investigate it.

"Hey!" I heard a shout come from behind me. I turned around in surprise to see an officer holding a flashlight up in my face and eyes. I squinted and did what I haven't done since before being arrested the first time. I ran.

I knew the building like the back of my hand and raced out the door that was right next to me. I raced down the hall and to the stairs where I took several leaps at a time to reach each platform that led to each floor's door. I always sat on the couch on the top floor which was the twelfth. I leaped too soon and ended up falling forward down the steps to fourth floor. I fell on my back on my arm and on my front. I growled in pain, but I used my anger and pain to get back up and try to run again. I leaned against the railing and felt dizzy. I almost fell but I felt sturdy arms on me. Shit! I yelled through my head.

I felt myself being turned around in a fast movement and that is where I saw the white mask and the dark eyes that I have only truly seen hours ago. I felt a smile spread across my face looking up at him.

"Michael," I whispered nearly falling again, but his grip on my arm tightened. I growled in pain clenching my eyes.

"Michael my arm it's broken please," I said in a breathless tone.

He waited a few more seconds before he released that arm. He bent down and lifted me up bridal style and began to carry me down the stairs. I couldn't help but look up at him. I never thought he would

find me or that he would want to find me. How did he find me?

I held my broken arm before I asked him, "Michael how did you find me?"

He leaned forward and opened a door on the main floor and we were outside and the chilly morning air gifted us with its presences. I sighed knowing I wasn't going to receive a reply.

"I thought you wanted me to leave? Why did you come get me?" I asked because I had too even though I knew I wasn't going to get a reply. He opened a car door and placed me in the passenger seat and closed my door with a slam.

He got in on the driver side and remained quiet as we speed off. I heard gunshots aimed for our car.

"Michael you shouldn't have come for me they could have killed you!" I said angered at him. I looked at his arm and saw blood was soaking to the maintenance uniform.

"Oh my god Michael you're hurt!" I said worried. I went to see how I could fix it when I felt his hand grab mine in tight force.

"I was only going to help you! You don't have to be so rough!" I yelled at him before twisting my hand away from his grip. He stared at me a few more seconds before turning his attention back to the road.

I remained staring out the window the whole time nursing my broken arm, but every once in a while I felt his gaze on me. I was so confused had he followed Dr. Loomis out there so he could find me? Or did he just come across me so this way he could kidnap me and kill me later?

I shook my head of all those thoughts and went back to pretending that there were more interesting things outside then there were in the car.

We were back in Haddonfield and were pulled into Michael's garage. I got out of the car and felt light headed as I slammed the door so I slumped against the car. I tried to walk to the house but I almost passed out when I did. I felt his lift me up again without even realizing he was behind me I nuzzled my nose into his chest and felt him tense at that little exchange, but it slowly died away and he relaxed more. He carried me inside and up the steps into a room where he laid me down on a bed and went into the bathroom to get something. He came back out with a kit a first aid kit.

I tried to sit up but his hand pushed me back down. He pulled out wrapping for sprained arms.

I shook my head and said, "Michael I need a cast. I need to get to the hospital. As soon as they put the cast on my arm I will race out of there and come back here so this way I can fix you up."

He looked at me a while before nodding. I got up off the bed and said, "Before I come back you better be showered so this way the water cleans out the wound. Oh and you sort of can't wear the uniform when I come back either because the sleeve won't be able to roll

up. "

Again he nodded before taking my wrist lightly this time which surprised me but I smiled and he put the keys to car in my hand.

Before I left the room though I lifted his hand and kissed it, before backing up slowly and walked towards the main door. I went to go open the door but before I could I felt a sharp pain in my arm and then felt saw cloth cover my mouth. I struggled screaming trying to pull away but I was out not even twenty seconds later.

I awoke in a hospital my arm in a cast and my body was filled with soreness. I sat up and looked around me taking in that I was alone. For now. I hoped out of the bed and walked towards the bedroom door looking outside of it. I saw Dr. Loomis talking to a nurse and a couple of doctors. I turned to see police officers on every corner. I sighed and saw a bunch of scrubs on a pushing table I smiled and grabbed some with a mask. I closed the door to my room silently and pulled them on ditching the hospital uniform by the bed. I turned off the lights to my room and opened the door again to see nothing has changed except that the cops started following and flirting with female nurses. I shook my head before pulling up the mask on my face and closed the door silently behind me. I felt my ankle hurt but I dared not to give into limping with a pain.

I looked around and saw a couple of people watching me with curiosity and I walked towards the nurses changing room and saw a nurse changing out of her regular clothes.

She stared up at me and said, "You can't be in here."

I tilted my head to the side like Michael always did. She looked frightened as I took threatening steps towards her.

"What are you doing?" she asked me and i was in front of her and snapped her neck. She didn't scream or nothing and I won't be able to drab her body so instead I left her body there but I took her clothes and covered her body with a blanket I found in her locker.

I than grabbed a jacket with a hood from another girls locker and pulled it on and it was baggy enough than you couldn't make out the fact that I had a cast on my arm. I pulled up the hood and walked out of the changing room and towards the entrance of the hospital.

I heard a scream and saw many doctors rush and push past me. I made it outside and saw a man sitting in a car. His gaze was intently on me but the shadows covered his features I saw his hands tighten on the wheel. Michael I ran towards the car and got opened the door and climbed in the passenger seat.

Michael raced off back towards his house.

"Michael," I said, but he didn't even glance at me.

"Michael I know you trusted me and I hope you know it wasn't my fault I was gone so long. Dr. Loomis was in your house last night and he gave a sedative in the arm," I explained Michael's hand twisted more on the car wheel and I stopped talking. I gulped loudly and sat back in the seat. When he pulled up in front of the house he looked at me

and I must have started crying because his hand reached over and whipped at inside of my cheek. I leaned into his touch.

"Michael I'm so sorry I should have just stayed with you," I rambled but Michael's hand covered my mouth and he shook his head. I smiled under his hand and kissed his palm. We both got out of the car and met in front of the sidewalk that led to the house. I smiled up at him before finally not being able to hold back. I walked in front of him and kissed the lips of his plastic mask. I felt him grab my waist but didn't feel him pull back or push me.

When I pulled back I looked up into his eyes and said, "Michael I barely know yet I feel like I have known you my whole life. You may not talk, but I can accept that Michael. It's just who you are and for that I love you."

Michael's hazy eye looked into mine and for once I did see some emotion seep through and it was excitement and happiness. I smiled wider at him and moved towards me before he swooped me up in his arms causing me to laugh.

He opened the door and closed it behind us and carried me up stairs and into his room again where it looked like he had gotten new things.

I smiled as I took in the new mattress and the new fresh blankets. He carried me towards the bed and pulled back the covers and laid me on the bed before lying me down, but I sat up refusing to lie down.

"I have to take care of you remember?" I asked him receiving only a nod.

"Did you shower?" I asked him and he nodded and I smiled and said, "Good now unzip the uniform up to your torso and wait here while I go get the first aid kit from the bathroom."

He only nodded again and started unzipping as I got up off the bed and went into the bathroom opening up the mirror and grabbing the first aid kit.

I walked back into the bedroom and stopped in my tracks. My eyes widened as I took in his body. The upper half was sculpted to perfection like a Greek god. Michael was a vision.

I saw him looking at me staring. I felt heat rush to my cheeks and I walked quickly back over to him on the bed. I pulled out a scalpel and tweezers. I looked at his chest to see light scabbing over the bullet wounds.

"This is going to hurt a lot," I told him looking him in the eyes. I kissed his rubber cheek before begging. I cut the first out of five and watched as he stiffened.

"I know I'm so Michael I am so sorry," I whispered as I dug my fingers in instead of the tweezers and pulled out the bullet and dropped it in the kit. I grabbed the alcohol and poured it on a cotton ball and placed it on his wound and I felt his hand grab my wrist.

"I know it stings, but it cleans away the germs and stops

infectionsâ€¦ let me blow on it," I said quickly before leaning forward and blowing on the wound that had alcohol on it. I put a gauze and tape on it and looked up saying, "One down and four to go."

He gave me a look with his eyes I had to bit on my lip to stop from smiling and I felt his thumb run over my bottom lip causing me to stop after removing the final bullet from his chest. I looked up into his eyes. I looked down quickly putting alcohol on the wound blowing on it and patching it up like I did the other four.

I felt Michaels hand again but this time he was lifting my chin so I would meet his eyes. His hands went behind his head and I saw him starting to remove his mask. I looked at him in surprise and I protested but he ignored me completely and kept going until it was off all the way. I look in his face and saw no imperfections.

"Why hide such beauty?" I asked him raising a hand to his cheek with a smile. I saw his mouth twitch like he was going to smile. I leaned forward and switched to kneeling in front of him. I looked into his eyes as I leaned forward and kissed his lips. They were so soft. I instantly went back for more running my hand through his hair and feeling him kissing me back this time just made the feeling of my love for him grow.

I pulled back for air and saw that he was out of air too. I smiled and said, "Michael please just say you love me."

He looked at me before his head turned and he pulled the mask towards him but I pulled it out of his hands.

"Please Michael?" I asked with tears in my eyes as I cupped his face with my hands.

HE looked into my eyes before opening his mouth and said, "I- I love you."

3. Chapter 3

A/N: Sorry about the inconvenience last chapter I have no idea what happened. Anyway thanks for telling me through a review it lets me know there is someone out there who cares! So thanks again cetanukawm!

I smiled with a fresh tear slipping down my cheek and crashed my lips to Michaels this time earning a moan from him. I pushed him on the bed and kissed him like he would disappear into thin air if I stopped. I straddled his waist as I bent down and kissed him and I felt his tongue lick my bottom lip making me moan before I parted my lips giving him entry.

Things got very heated before I pulled back and said, "Shitâ€¦"

Michael sat up worried that he hurt me, but I shook my head with a smile saying, "I'm fine it's just that I never had sex before."

Michaels face became a little red which caused me to chuckle. I

leaned forward and captured his lips and said, "How about we make a deal?"

He tilted his head waiting which caused me to smile and say, "If we get hitched in some kind of way then I let you get inside my pants but until then we both remain virgins."

Michael pouted and I couldn't help myself so I leaned forward and nibbled on his bottom lip. I heard him growl before flipping us over so he lay on top of me causing me to erupt with a fit of giggles. I looked up to see him smiling he leaned down and captured my lips in his once more. I ran my hands through his hair. It was soft almost like baby skin.

We pulled back hearing a noise down stairs. Michael immediately got up and pulled on his mask grabbing the knife in his hand.

"Michael," I said in a worried voice that something might happen to him. He glanced at me taking my hand and squeezing it.

"Michael!" we heard Dr. Loomis call.

"How did he know we are here?" I asked him thinking he would answer since he talked once.

Michael seemed cold though in that instant he picked me up roughly by the arm and dragged me with him down the stairs where we saw Dr. Loomis.

"Michael stop, please," I whimpered at his deathly grip, but he made no move to loosen it. _What the hell is his problem? _I wondered to myself.

I saw Doctor Loomis with a gun in his hand he had it pointed to Michael I saw him pulled back to safety lock ready to fire. My eyes widened in fear and my whole mind concentrated on what Dr. Loomis was about to do instead of the pain that spiraled up and down my arm.

I saw Dr. Loomis ready to pull the trigger, but I guess he wanted to talk first.

"Hello there Michael I see you have made a friend," he started and looked between me and Michael.

Of course Michael didn't respond and I didn't talk either. Dr. Loomis came towards the bottom of the steps and Michael raised the knife to my throat. I felt all the blood drain from my face and felt scared enough to start shaking.

Dr. Loomis saw this and faltered a little with the gun—he too seemed shocked by how the tables turned. Michael was no longer with me, but apparently against me, unless he was using me like I thought he would and kill me off here.

"Let her go Michael," Dr. Loomis commanded in a low voice. I felt Michael press the knife to my throat causing me to squirm and whimper.

"Michael—he—you can't fool me you have feelings for Emma you won't harm her," Dr. Loomis said before lifting the gun again this time he

was going to pull the trigger. Michael pulled the knife away and I yelled, "No!"

I quickly turned around and blocked Michael's body with mine the loud bang rang through the house and most likely the neighborhood. I felt a sharp pain in my back. I gasped and slowly felt my knees give in, but before I could fall to the ground Michael arms wrapped around my waist as I rested my head on his shoulder taking in deep breaths. I looked up into Michaels eyes and saw the pain in them as he watched my face scrunch up into the pain. Another gunshot fired and this time it grazed my shoulder and just missed Michael. I hissed like I had been burned. I saw something behind Michael and pointed weakly. He turned around and saw another man heading towards him with a gun. I heard mire fires shot, but this time Michael was the one who got hit and he went down with a fight.

I shook my head and yelled, "Michael!"

He stared up at me and I felt something sharp in my arm. I looked down to see doctor Loomis with a needle. I immediately felt woozy and stumbled before he caught me. Michael turned over on his stomach and tried crawling towards us, but failed miserably.

My mind went numb after that and I could only feel myself being lifted up and brought out of the house.

"We need to take here to the Hospital," I heard Doctor Loomis command. I than saw him use a car phone and dial a number while he watched me in the review mirror.

They sedated me heavily and I felt my eye lids grow heavier and heavier.

"Michael is deadâ€|I have Emma Domes with me she is injuredâ€|no Michael wouldn't harm herâ€|I went to shoot Michael and she hoped in the wayâ€|she has a bullet in the shoulder and I think just a cut from another bullet grazing herâ€|no it's too much of a risk to take her back to Smiths Groveâ€|we are going to take her to the hospital and just keep an eye on herâ€|I will," he said into the phone. The other person on the other line had a husky voice almost a smokers voiceâ€|Dr. Loomis finally hung up and looked at me before saying, "Emma we will be keeping you at the Hospital under lockdown so you won't have a chance to escape or hurt anyone around you."

I didn't reply I closed my eyes and when I woke up I found myself lying on my side in a Hospital bed. A nurse was in the room with me and looked at me.

"Hey how are you feeling?" she asked me.

I only tilted my head something that Michael would do. She came closer before a hand reached out and pulled her back.

"Don't fall for her tricksâ€|she is a very sly person," Dr. Loomis voice echoed the room.

"She is just a child," the nurse persuaded.

"This 'child' has killed twenty people. Do you think she is as innocent as she looks now?" he said to the nurse who looked at me and

I gave her a wicked grin she raced out of the room in fright.

"I know you talked to Michael, Emma. Why won't you talk to me?" he asked me. I ignored him and turned on my side hissing in pain I sat up clutching my shoulder.

I heard him sigh, "I know you have feelings for Michael, Emma. It is very dangerous for the two of you to be together," he continued causing me to look at him. I wanted to bang my head repeatedly on the wall rather than listen to the lecture he was going to give me.

"You know Emma ever since your parents died your whole life has changed," he said emitting a growl from me. His eyes widened a little with fear he slowly brought the gun back out that he had, had earlier. I whimpered.

The fear disappeared into his eyes as he walked closer to me and said, "Emma what happened all those years ago when your parents perished in the fire?"

I tilted my head confused hadn't my siblings perished in the fire too? HE saw the confused look and said, "You don't know? Your brother and sister are still alive. They weren't in the fire. It was just your parents."

I shook my head slowly not believing a word out his mouth as a cold tear slipped down my pale face. They hadn't told me! They kept quiet this whole time and I had to go on thinking that they were dead! I felt the anger and rage grow inside me. I was shaking with fury and Dr. Loomis took four steps back in awareness of my fury.

"Emma doesn't go doing anything you will regret," he warned, but I was passed listening to him. I was so angry I began to see red. I lunged at him off the bed and started kicking him hard the gun fell out of his hands and onto the floor. I picked it up and shot him. I walked out of the room and shot the nurse who was rushing towards the room the gun ran out of bullets so I dropped it and started walking towards the exit of the Hospital when all the lights went out. I heard a whimper and saw a girl about my age limping towards me. Her ankle hurt badly she saw me and limped over.

"Help me please!" she begged I looked confused the anger immediately gone for the moment.

"He trying to kill me!" she said in a rushed tone leaning on my bad shoulder. I growled and she saw the bandage on my shoulder.

Her arms widened in terror and said, "Oh my god I'm sorry."

I just clenched my jaw and nodded heading down the way she came. I couldn't get far though I felt her grab my wrist, "He'll kill you too!"

She looked so desperate and helpless I sighed and said, "Who is he?"

"Look behind you! It's Michael!" she yelled in horror. I shook my head.

"Michael Myers is dead," I told her with a sad cracked voice.

She ignored me and turned around running in fear. I went to turn around and start walking, but I bumped into what felt like a rock wall. I slowly look up the mechanics uniform to see the white mask and then two piercing blue eyes. I felt a grin slowly appear on my face. He's alive!

I saw his eyes twinkle I felt myself let out a relieved sob, "Michael."

I wrapped my arms around him afraid to let go as I let out sob after sob. I felt his arms wrap around me for a couple of minutes before and let go. I felt him reach for something. I looked to see him writing something before handing it to me.

Go home I have something to take care of and I will be there with you after.

I nodded before reaching up and uncovered his lips so I could kiss them he didn't hold back kissing me either. I pulled back and recovered his lips and chin, but pecked the plastic lips on the mask as I pulled away from him. I watched him until he disappeared around the corner of the hall. I walked towards the exit and opened the door to be greeted by the chilly air of the night. Why was it so cold? I saw a mother and her child walking towards the hospital. The child was in a pirates costume; he had bloody mouth and kept a rag to it. They both looked at me scared before quickly walking into the Hospital. I walked bare foot front the hospital to Michael's house. I let myself in and went up the stairs to the room we laid in the last time. I walked over to the bed and lay down.

Not long after did I hear sirens in the distance. I hopped off the bed and heard the front door open and slam. Was it Michael or a cop? I walked out in the hall noiselessly and walked the stairs.

I heard noises, but I didn't know what they were. To be honest I was scared.

I felt hands grab me making me let out a blood curtailing scream. It scared me shitless and I turned to find it was Michael. He brought me in a hug.

I had to calm downâ€¦I took a deep breath in and out. When we pulled back I asked him, "How did you survive?"

"I can't die," was all he said as he took my hand and led me into the basement closing the door behind us.

"Why did you hold your knife to my neck?" I asked him.

He didn't answer he just kept walking down the stairs with my hand in his.

"Michael?" I asked him, but again he ignores me. I pull my hand out of his and yell, "Michael!"

His head snapped up to me and he looked enraged without even thinking he back hands me. I fell on my side on the floor. My cheek felt enflamed as my hand clutched the cheek he hit. It felt like a punch. My jaw hurt a lot too. I let tears run down my face. I flinched away

from him when he went to touch my face. I saw him pull back immediately like his hand had been burned. I let out a small sob.

I got up slowly and turned away from him. I walked up the steps again and walked out the basement door without looking back. I walked out the back door and ran. I raced down familiar streets to stop in front of the still burnt down house. I walked across the lawn to where the front door would be and walking inside. I walked through house going through what used to be the dining room the kitchen and the living room. When I got the living room I saw something familiar and bent down to pick it up. It was my sisters doll the clothes wear torn and the doll had black marks all over it, but I could recognize it in a heartbeat. I brought the doll out of the burnt down house with me and sat on the front lawn.

I rocked back and forth slowly as I cried to myself. What really happened to them? My parents I mean.

>One thing came to my mind than James and Jill I had to find them.<p>

4. Chapter 4

I awoke to see I was in an old room and that is when I saw that it was Michaels room. I shivered as the cold breeze crept it's way through the broken windows. I shivered again, but this time it wasn't because I felt cold it was because I felt like I was being watched. The thing is I knew was watching me and that is what scared me most. I didn't know where he was hiding but I knew he was watching. I climbed off the bed I was in and headed towards the bedroom door. I opened the door half way only to have it slammed on me by a much more stronger force. I let out a shaky breath and turned around slowly. My eyes traveling over the clean hand the wrist the mechanics suit that covered the arm up the should and up to the masked neck and face. I looked into the black holes to find the gentle eyes he only showed those he trusted. Me.

I am really the only one he trusted. I looked away biting my lip nervous over what might happen. I flinched when I saw Michael raise his hands in the corner of my eyes. He froze before he continued to move and took off his mask. He tossed on the bed and I look at him confused before I felt his cupped my face in his hands and kiss me urgently. I pushed against him still being pissed that he hit me and even threatened my life.

He wouldn't stop though he kept going like he was under a fucking spell. I started crying when I felt him touching me up and down my body. He groped my breasts through my clothes and he even lower.

I felt so helpless against his brute strength.

He picked me up keeping my lips intact with his and I couldn't do anything to stop it. He lay on top of me on the bed and I felt like I would rather die than be forced into anything like this.

I here's him unzip his macanics uniform and this time he took off all the was so he was showing off the bulge in his boxer briefs. I tried to get up Or even crawl away but he tugged me back by the ankle or even the wrist after trying to escape almost five times. I felt him start to unclothed me and I felt my blood go cold. My mind telling me

a million things at once I couldn't even think straight to come up with an escape route.

"Michael please!" I screamed and he froze and looked up at me with those eyes again before he went back to what he was soon before. I was bare beneath him. His unemotional face and eyes gazing at my body. I felt more hot tears racing down my face.

I saw him reach down and remove his boxers. He moves him self so he was positioned to enter. He had both my wrist in one hand above my head and another hand holding my legs apart. I was crying so uncontrollably and I couldn't stop what was about to happen. This man I barely knew. I told him I love him and now he is raping me.

I felt him thrust harshly into me and I screamed but it was cut off with his lips on mine. He continusooly thrusted in me harshly and I squeezed my eyes because the pain between what he was doing to me and the pain he was causing my heart were both uncontrollably hurting so much I wanted to die.

I heard him grunting over me as he kissed sloppy down my neck. I heated him let out a groan feeling his seed slip inside me. I let out a sob and felt him pull out of me. I felt so violated and disgusting. I got off the bed immediately and ran into the bathroom where I went over the tub and turned on the shower head. I washed my whole body before I slumped my back against the wall with tears in my eyes again. And slid down the wall until of was sitting on the floor of the tub pulling my knees to my chest crying. I stayed in there even when the water went cold. I was shivering but I didn't care I would stay here as long as I could so I didn't have to see Michaels face again. What he did to me was unforgivable. I don't think I'll be even able to look at myself naked again without thinking about what he has done to me tonight.

I heard the door open to reveal Michael. I cowed against the wall as he walked towards me. His eyes fill nothing not even the hint of remorse over what he did. I felt enraged by this and said, "Why did you that to?!"

He stopped right next to the tub before he turned of the water and looked at me again.

I let out a cold chuckle, "this was all apart of your plan wasn't it? Save me from that hell whole of an insane asylum only to befriend make me love you and than turn around and shove everything I felt about you in the garbage. I told you i loved you and you did this to me! Don't you feel at least tiniest hint of remorse?!"

I had gotten louder with every word and in the end I had got up wrapped a towel around my body and was pounding my fist angerly into his chest.

I felt him grab my hands as I let out another sob and my knees buckled. He caught me easily and picked me up bridal style into the bedroom and out of the bedroom door where he took me to a different room and set me on the bed gently. This room was different it wasnt old like the others but more modern everything was new there were clothes in the closet fora woman.

What was all this stuff?

"what the hell?" was what came out instead of the question that was in my head.

He looked at me and said, "This is your room."

"what do mean my room? I am not livin here Michael," I told him matter of factly.

I heard him

Growl but I didnt back down. He walked over to me and yanked me up by my hair. I let out a whimper and tried to pull my hair out of his hands. He pulled me out of the room where he had carried me and dragged me down the stairs and towards the basement.

"no Michael! No please! I'm sorry! Please!" I sobbed but he kept going. He opened the door and threw me down the steps for the second time that week. This time I will not forgive him. I felt my head hit the cement

Floor and the world blurred.

Michael left me in the basement for a whole two weeks in a half. He tossed me if I'm lucky a cook rat if not I'd have to eat it raw. I haven't been able to keep the rats down though. I have been throwing up continuously. That can only me one thing I was either really sick or pregnant.

5. Chapter 5

So now I think I am going crazy. I keep seeing shadows on the walls and I wouldn't doubt if I was crazy because I have sitting the basement for over two weeks. I had nowhere to go to the bathroom or throw and I guess you should know what happens. I heard the door to the basement and saw that Michael was coming down the steps. I let out a whimper because he never came down the steps and when he was leaving food or water it was next to the door.

>He looked around as he neared the bottom of the steps and I took this time to hide in the shadows. I tripped Michael on the last step and fell forward. I didn't waste in anytime in racing up the steps and out the basement door. I ran into the kitchen and blanked. I had in the basement for two weeks and already forgot where the rooms and the exits were.

>I heard footsteps racing up the steps they sounded furious. I whimpered again and panicked looking around and quickly went into a drawer for a knife. I pulled it out in front of me.
Michael stood in the entryway of the kitchen and stopped and stared at me and the knife.

>"Stay away from me!" I growled at him, my voice sounded hoarse.
"Emma put the knife down," I heard him say in a muffled voice because of the mask.

>"You said you loved me and then you raped me only to me nice shower me in gifts and when I ask you one question you-"I cu myself off as I dropped he knife and placed a hand over my mouth and raced over to a sink where I got sick violently. I dry heaved for a few moments and it sucked. It really did.
I rinsed out the sink and my mouth when I was done. I felt dizzy and weak. I leaned against the counter.

>"I don't have control of my body you know," Michael said this time his mask was off. I shook my head and said, "You sicken me."
"Emma I am telling the truth," he snapped at me and I jabbed a finger in his chest yelling, "you don't get to tell a me and tell what I should and shouldn't think is the truth after all you did to me!"
>His face softened as did his eyes and he place his hand over the one that I had on his chest and said, "when I was seven a man cursed me and said that in order to break the curse I would have to kill everyone who came to my house and everyone I have a blood relation to."
I stood there still silent waiting for him to continue. He sighed and took my hand in his entwining our fingers and I was unwillingly pulled out of the kitchen into the living room and up the stair where he led me into his room and into the bathroom.
>"I'll tell you the rest after you take a shower."
I only nodded being in the tired and pregnant estate as I was and turned on the water making sure the heat was all the way up. I was so cold it wasn't funny.
>Michael left the bathroom and didn't come back in so I turned on the shower making sure the heat was all the way up. I shimmed out of my clothes that I had to wear for the weeks I had been down stairs.
I got in the shower and cried softly to myself asking myself what I had gotten myself into. I felt the muscles in my back loosen and the sore and ache subside.
>I washed my whole body from head to toe at least seven times and turned off the water when it turned cold. When I got out I found a towel waiting for me on the sink. I wrapped the towel around my self-making sure to dry everything off thoroughly and quickly. I walked out wrapped in the towel and didn't see Michael anywhere so I walked out of the bed room and into the room that he claimed to be 'my' room but I don't even want to call anything in this house mine.
I walked into the bedroom closing and locking the door behind me before I crossed the room and to the closet where I opened it and found a night gown. I pulled it on and walked over to a white dresser opening it to find underwear. I pulled out a pair and pulled that on too.
>I unlocked the door and slipped into bed. I thought I would never sleep in a bed again and now that I am I wouldn't give it up for the world. I unconsciously rubbed the small bump that had formed on my stomach. I heard my door opened and closed my eyes and pretended that I was asleep. I didn't want to stare at the monster that had done so much to me.
I felt a cloth cover my nose and mouth and I struggled against it only to find my eyes droop and my mind went black😀|

I awoke in a dark room. I was tied to a chair. I felt like I had to throw up I tried getting up out of the chair but the bonds around my wrists were tied to the chair and the chair was bolted to the floor. A trash can was held in front of my face and I emptied the contents of my stomach. A cloth whipped my face and I heard struggling and clanking of chains trying to be ripped apart.
>Lights came on in the room and I saw Michael who was struggling to get out of the chair. HI gaze was on the cuff links that were latched onto his wrists. They seemed like heavy chains.
"Michael," an all too familiar voice said. Dr. Loomis appeared.
>Michael looked in the direction he heard the voice in as did I. It was to my left where Michael was sitting and I saw as Loomis held a gun towards Michael saying, "What have you done Michael?"
Michael just tilted his head to the side indicating he heard what Loomis had said, but he didn't know what he meant.
>"Why did you corrupt Emma, Michael?!" Loomis yelled at Michael and fired the gun at his leg and blood soaked through the cloth.
I

whimpered and Loomis spun towards me and said, "Ah, Emma I see you have wakened up."

>I only groaned my head was still spinning and the sight of the blood that was coming out of Michaels wound was making me sick. I was usually okay with this kind of disturbing thing, but ever since I became pregnant I just can't.
"Do you know what you have done to this child, Michael?" Loomis looked back and forth between me and Michael.

>"Michael," I croaked and his head snapped towards me. His eye filled with regret and sadness.
"She's-"Loomis tried, but I heard the braking of chains and Michael was up and free. It was like him hearing me say his name was all the strength he needed.

>Michael shoved Loomis into a wall and took out a knife out of nowhere and raised it above his head.
"Michael leave him be," I sobbed this was all too much for me. First getting rapped next being kept in a basement for over two weeks only to come up and have Michael feed me lies and then after having my first shower in a long time I was kidnapped. I wanted to scream, I wanted to yell, and I wanted to run away from everyone and everything just to escape for a while if possible longer than a year.

>Michael walked over to me and tugged the ropes lose my wrists raw from the rope burn. I pushed him away from me as soon I was free from the chair and ran out of the room. The men waiting outside the door look at me and I said, "Just keep him away from me."
They didn't have time to reply as the door was kicked down and then they were dead. I raced around not knowing the place.

>"Emma! Emma stop running!" I heard Michael yell after me, but I wouldn't stop. I wouldn't give up. I won't stop trying to escape this hell whole. Michael has brought out the fear in me that I never had. I was scared of him killing my child.
I found the exit and was several feet away. I never dared to turn around afraid to see how much room there was left between that monster and me.

>I pushed open the door and into a blinding light. I shielded my eyes and blinked furiously trying to get my sight back. It took a few minutes. Minutes I didn't have. I looked around and saw I was in a court yard that was surrounded by brick walls. I let out a sob and looked around at the other doors and looked in the window to see Michael standing in front of one of them.
I shook my head slowly and a tear escaped my eye. I wouldn't go through that again. That was torture. Michael thinks he knows everything about me he doesn't he brings back these haunting memories that I had locked away for so many years.

>I raced forward, my legs feeling like jelly because I had not used them in so long. I ran for the door to my left only to find it locked. I heard a door open and turned around slowly to see the door next to the window that Michael was at closing. I started to run again this time for the next door and found that one to be locked.
I raced to the next one. Locked. I took in several shaky breaths as I rested my forehead on the door. I knew he was standing behind me now. I had nowhere to run no way to run to my escape.

>"Are you going to kill me?" I asked him without bothering to turn around.
"No," his voice was husky not muffled.

>I turned around and saw that his mask was off. The Michael I fell in love with the first time was radiant in front of me.
"Then why? Why starve me? Why rape me? Can't you just leave me alone?!" I yelled the last part as I felt my blood boil.

>"Emma there are some things I am not able to explain. Something's you will find absurd and disturbing. I can't change who I am. I was cursed to be a monster. I am a killing machine and I did those things

to you because I had no choice!" He yelled at me as he started pacing.
"Everyone has a choice Michael! You can either flow with the bad or fight against it!" I yelled at him.

>"So why don't you fight against me! I saw you killing innocent people with me! Fight against the bad Emma!" he yelled his face pale his eyes filled with wild fire.
I didn't know what to say back. He sighed and rubbed his face with his hand and said, "If you don't fight than why bother running?"

>I didn't answer him and he took a giant step forward which caused me to flinch back by instinct and my back smacked against the locked door.
"Emma why are you running from the good me? Why aren't you running from the bad side of me?" he asked me.

>I was confused he wants me to be with him when his good side is out and wants to play, but wants me to run from his bad side even though neither side has killed me yet.
I didn't realize his body was flushed up against mine until he cupped my face in his hands.

>"Stay with me Emma. I won't hurt you," Michael begged and to be honest I felt myself saying yes so that's exactly what I did find myself saying.
"Fine," I said with an exasperated sigh I bit my lip forgetting the fright that consumed my body.

>Michael smiled and said, "I do love you Emma."
"You can say that all you want Michael, but you will have to earn back what we had before," I told him and he immediately smiled saying, "I will take what I can get."

>"Oh and one more thing," I told him and he tilted his head with a confused expression on his face.
"I'm pregnant," I told him and his eyes widened in fear.

End
file.